

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Ger. O what a rash and bloody deede is this.

Ham. A bloody deede, almost as bad good mother
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

Ger. As kill a King.

Ham. I Lady, it was my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farewell,

I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,

Thou find'st to bee too busie is some danger.

Leaue wringing of your hands, peace sit you downe,

And let me wring your heart, for so I shall

It it be made of penetrable stuffe,

If damned custome haue nor braid it so,

That it be prooffe and bulwark against sence.

Ger. What haue I done, that thou dar'st wagge thy tongue
In noyse so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act

That blurres the grace and blush of modesty,

Calls vertue hypocrit, takes of the Rose

From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,

And sets a blister there, makes marriage vowes

As false as dicers oathes, Oh such a deed!

As from the body of contraction pluckes

The very soule: and sweet religion makes

A rapsody of words; heauens face dooes glow

Ore this solidiry and compound masse

With heated visage, as against the doome

Is thought-sick at the act.

Quee. Ay me what act?

Ham. That roares so low'de and thunders in the Index,

Looke here vpon this Picture, and on this,

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers,

See what a grace was seated on his browe,

Hiperions curles, the front of Ioue him-selfe,

An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,

A station like the herald Mercury,

New lighted on a heaue, a kissing hill,

A combination and so rme indeede,

Where eury God did seeme to set his seale

To giue the world assurance of a man,

This

This was your husband, looke y
Heere is your husband like a mi
Blasting his wholesome brother
Could you on this faire mounta
And batton on this Moore; ha,
You cannot call it loue, for at y
The heyday in the blood is cam
And waies vpon the iudgement
Would step from this to this? f
Els could you not haue motion,
Is appoplext, for madnesse wou
Nor senc to extracie was neere so
But it reseru'd some quantity of
To serue in such a difference. V
That thus hath cosond you at h
Eyes without feeling, feeling w
Eares without hands, or eyes, f
Or but a sickly part of one true
Could not so mope. Oh shame!
Rebellious hell,

If thou canst mutine in a Matro
To flaming youth, let vertue be
And melt in her owne fire, pro
When the compulsiue ardure g
Since frost it selfe as actiuelly do
And reason pardons will.

Ger. O Hamlet speake no m
Thou turn'st my very eyes into
And there I see such black and
As will leaue there their tin'ct.

Ham. Nay but to liue
In the rancke sweat of an incest
Stewed in corruption, honying
Ouer the nasty stie.

Ger. O speake to mee no m
These words like daggers ente
No more sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderrer and a vil
A slaue that is not twentieth pa